

Welcome To The Hellmouth

by Erin05

Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer  
Genre: Adventure  
Language: English  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 2000-06-27 09:00:00  
Updated: 2000-06-27 09:00:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:26:42  
Rating: T  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 5,121  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net  
Summary: 6 Friends Take A Trip To Sunnydale

Welcome To The Hellmouth

Disclaimer: No, I don't own these characters, okay?  
>Rating: PG-13 for strong language, but can possibly reach  
R  
<br>Feedback: Please, give me as much as you can! E-mail me at  
dramaclub01@hotmail.com  
>Notes: Okay, I changed the characters a lot for this fic. Jen  
Lindley is best friends with Joey Potter, who goes by her middle  
name, Autumn. They are 14 years old, and are freshmen at Capeside  
High. 16-year old Pacey is Jen's brother and is a sophomore. 15-year  
old Jack is also a sophomore, and is Autumn's brother. He's straight,  
and Jen has a major crush on him. Andie Leery is a 14-year old  
freshman who is Jen and Autumn's friend. 17-year old Dawson is a  
junior, and Andie's brother. He kind of has a crush on Autumn, but  
not much. Also, in Buffyverse, it is the day before Buffy's 20th  
birthday. I don't want to give away too much. <br>  
>Welcome To The Hellmouth <br>Chapter One-The Beginning  
>It all starts in one girl's house... <br>  
>September 29, 2000 <br>8:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time  
>Capeside, Massachusetts <br>  
>"'Buffy's' on!" Andie cried enthusiastically. <br>  
>Jen and Autumn smiled. Their friend's energy level was so cute and  
endearing. <br>  
>"Which one is it?" Jen asked, fluffing out her long blonde  
hair. (Hey, this is MY fanfic universe, and in this Jen has long sexy  
hair that reaches the middle of her back, okay?) <br>  
>"It's the one where Forrest dies, Spike tears the group apart, and  
Riley tells Buffy that he loves her so much that it scares him. Then  
Riley goes to Adam's lair, as if in a trance. Oh, and his behind gets  
kicked by Angel beforehand. Oh, and Tara plays with Willow's hair.  
Oh, and Willow says that Buffy can't handle Tara and Willow's  
relationship. Oh, and Giles gets all drunk and says bloody hell. Oh,  
and-" <br>  
>Autumn interuped her. "Okay, we get it. Man, Buffy is so cute with

Riley." <br>

>Jen nodded. "Yep. He's not so freaking brooding, like the way Angel was. It's a good thing that he has his own show. The whole BuffyAngel storyline was starting to get tired. Plus, sorry to all you David fanatics, but Riley looks MUCH hotter without a shirt on."

><br>"Not true! Angel looks FANTASTIC without a shirt on!" Andie argued. She had at least 20 posters of her Davy all over her room, belonged in a fan club, and even had an autographed letter from him. Hell, her boyfriend Kyle resembled a 16-year old version of David.

><br>Jen rolled her hazel eyes. "I never said he didn't look gorgeous with a shirt off. He's just too pale, and besides, I prefer the all-American over the dark 'woe-is-me-I'm-a-horrible-person-I-deserve-to-be-dust-let-me-brood-you-to-death' act of his. Riley is just so... adorable. I'd like to get a piece of that."

><br>Autumn cocked an perfectly plucked eyebrow. "Like Jack?" she giggled. Andie joined in, while Jen turned red.

><br>It was no secret that Jen had had a crush on Jack ever since she was 11. When Andie moved to Capeside just 4 months ago, Autumn told her all the details about it. In the 7th grade, Jen got to the point where she followed Jack around like a little puppy, but even then he didn't have a clue. Since she got to know him more, Jen's petty crush disappeared, and was replaced with love as she began to seem him as a real person, not just the object of her obsession.

><br>"Oh, shut up, Rich-Girl. I'll begin looking at the classifieds for a new best friend. One less snobby," Jen joked.

> <br>

>She had been friends with Autumn ever since pre-K. They were a weird match. Autumn came from the richest family in Capeside, while Jen was strictly middle class. Naturally, Autumn should have drifted off with the other affluent kids, but instead she found herself preferring friendship with Jen.<br> They'd been through thick and thin ever since, so Jen knew what Autumn's weak spot was. Autumn HATED being known as the kid whose family made the most money. A lot of jealous people treated her like scum because of that. Of course, she still liked driving to school in a limo. Buying clothes at Saks Fifth was a perk, too. Jen LOVED having slumber parties at Autumn's cool mansion.

><br>"Shut up, Jen. Anyways, I kind of like Xander better. I always go for funny guys with really wimpy figures. Don't ask me why, but I always root for the underdogs," Autumn admitted.

><br>"Is that why you have special 'feelings' for Pace?" Jen suggested innocently.

><br>Autumn screwed up her face in disgust. "Eww, gross me out much? One, your brother is a total loser-boy who I wouldn't be caught dead with, plus his clothes are, like, ancient. Like, 1994 called and they want their clothes back. And he totally stalked Christie Livingstone last year. That the poor thing had to get a restraining order." Unfortunately, Autumn was telling the truth.

><br>"Hey, he DID get help with his obsession problem," Jen said defensively. "His meds are is making controlling his compulsions a lot easier."

><br>"Still, I wouldn't date the stalker/loser boy if I got paid a billion dollars."

><br>"Wow, nice little ego boost, Fall." A voice called out behind him. The 3 girls looked back. Pacey stood there, with a big smile on his face.

><br>"Stop trying to mock my name, Pace!" Autumn demanded.

><br>"Sorry, can't do that. Oh, yeah, happy 14th birthday, Little Fall Potter," Pacey said with a condescending air. He had been calling her that since she was four.

><br>Autumn narrowed her eyes. "Thanks, Pace. You know, I got a new platinum credit card, a diamond necklace with matching earrings worth about 45 grand, a tennis bracelet, an antique diamond ring that's been in the family for 7 generations, and enough presents from relatives to fill our maid's room. Daddy promised me he'd get me a Land Rover to practice driving in for my 15th birthday, and then when I'm 16, I'm getting a \$100,000 BMW convertible. So, what'd YOU get for your 16th birthday? Some lame-ass stereo system?"

><br>Pacey sputtered while Jen, along with Andie, stifled laughs. Being 'not rich' bothered him, and Autumn knew it. Even though she still hated being the 'Campus Rich Girl', she could play snobby when she wanted to.

><br>"Anyways, what are you DOING here, sibling unit? I don't recall Autumn inviting you," Jen said. Even though they still loved each other, Pacey and Jen were constantly at each other's throats. That probably stemmed from the fact that their parents viewed her as a perfect angel, while seeing him as a complete blemish. What irked Pacey more is that they were right.

><br>"I don't recall inviting you either, Chipmunk face," Autumn said with a sickly sweet smile. That had been a nickname for him for a pretty long time, and his cheeks were STILL adorably chubby. He secretly envied his friend, who had great cheekbones.

><br>Jack appeared behind him, followed by Dawson. "\*I\* invited him, Daddy's Little Girl." Jack completely hated how Autumn was doted on by their busy parents, while he got ignored. "Besides, Dad only got me a little Jeep Cherokee, so that's all your getting."

><br>Autumn rolled her eyes. "Keep telling yourself that, Jackie. We all know I'm the favorite of this family."

><br>Jack clamped his mouth. The six fell silent. Autumn realized her statement was a little...well...cruel.

><br>"Umm, Dawson, why are you here?" Andie asked her big brother.

><br>His long face broke out into a grin. "Just to stay the weekend with you guys. Mitch and Gale thought that I should be here to supervise you guys. Umm, hi Autumn. And Jen." Dawson added quickly. Andie made a face. It was obvious to her that he had a crush on Autumn. Of course, the others couldn't tell, but since she has known him for 14 years, 2 months, and 3 days, she could pretty much read him like a book. Ordinarily, he would have made a move after analyzing his attraction to a girl to death, but since the three year age difference, he was a little more hesitant to do this with Autumn.

><br>"Hi to you, Daws," Autumn said cordially. She liked him. Dawson had a naivety about him that she didn't see much anymore. Plus, he could be such a sweetheart. Autumn predicted that they'd become pretty tight by the end of his senior year. Maybe she would even invite him to her storybook wedding when she is 28.

><br>"Top of the morning to you," Jen added.

><br>"So, what are you and my ill-concieved sister doing?" Pacey inquired, flopping down on one of the chairs.

><br>"Hey, don't do that! That chair is an import from Italy and made from real Italian leather! And, for your info, Stalker boy, we are watching Buffy," Autumn snapped.

><br>"Ooh, it has that hot Sarah Michelle Gellar on it," Jack said eagerly. "Scoot over." He muscled his way on the couch with Jen,

Autumn, and Andie, despite the girls' protests.

><br>"Eww, Jack, didn't you take a shower after football practice?"

Autumn complained.

><br>"Jack was probably too busy checking out the guys in the locker room," Andie snickered. While she didn't really hate Jack, she wasn't exactly fond of him either. His jealousy of Autumn really clouded any shred of a personality he might have had.

><br>"Hey, I'm NOT gay," Jack firmly denied.

><br>"Whatever."

><br>"Personally, I prefer Alyson Hanigan's unconventional beauty," Dawson said as he sat down next to the couch.

><br>"Yeah," Pacey agreed. "Plus, you gotta love the whole bi-sexual thing."

><br>Autumn punched him on the shoulder. "Sexist Chickmunk-faced pig."

><br>"What IS it with guys and lesbians?" Jen said, exasperated.

"It's an open rejection of men, yet seeing two girls getting it on still excites you guys. WHY?" Pacey opened his mouth. Jen curled her lip in distaste. "Never mind. I don't wanna know."

><br>"Well, come on guys, it's back from commercials!" Andie said.

><br>Just as the six turned to watch the show, everything went black.

><br>

>Chapter 2-Getting Our Bearings <br>

>"I hereby blame you for whatever the hell happened to us, Pacey," Autumn said in a huff. <br>

>"How is it MY fault?" Pacey asked as the six of them crossed an unfamiliar street. <br>

>Autumn sneered. "Do you really have to question how? It's ALWAYS your fault, pathetic stalker-loser boy." <br>

>Pacey made a move towards her, but his sister stopped him. "Don't fight, you two. God, Pacey, you're the one who is supposed to be the big brother here. ACT like it. Even though Christie Livingstone DOES have a restraining order against you." <br>

>Pacey mumbled something unintelligible in response. <br>

>Andie decided to speak up. "Okay guys, I think we should think about what's happened here. One, we just disappeared from Autumn's living room in a completely mystical manner." <br>

><br>"Two. We have no idea where we are," Jack added. "And it's not

> AUTUMN's living room. It's mine also." <br>

>Everyone rolled their eyes. <br>

>Dawson decided to continue. "Three, we have no money or I.D.s or anything. So basically, unless we poof back to the good ol' Potter Estate we're completely screwed over." <br>

>Autumn jerked her head towards Dawson's. "Umm, I beg to differ. I always carry this!" She held up a black leather wallet. <br>

>"What's in there?" <br>

>"Credits cards, fake I.D.s, and other choice items." <br>

>Everyone's eyes got as big as saucers. <br>

>"We're saved!" Andie cried happily. <br>

>"How can you carry around that MUCH?!" Jen asked, in awe. <br>

>"You have a fake I.D.? Since when?" Jack demanded. <br>

>"Since Daddy got me one for my 13th birthday last year. Take a chill pill, Jackie, it only says that my birth year is 1982 instead of 1986. I won't be able to get liquer until '03. Then again, I could

always have Daddy buy me a card that says I was born in '79, and then I can have drunken orgies with the senior varsity football team!"

<br>

>"You better not, Daddy's Little Girl." Jack grumbled. <br>

>"Spaz much? Anywayz, I'm just joking." Autumn assured him. "Oh, check this out." She opened the wallet and flourished a thick wad of 100 dollar bills. <br>

>"Can I sleep with you now?" Pacey whistled. <br>

>Autumn snorted. "As if I'd ever sleep with you, Chickmunk face." <br>

<br>

>"Little Fall." <br>

>"Chickmunk." <br>

>"Rich bi-" <br>

>"Enough!" Dawson screamed. The two shut up quickly. <br>

>"I guess we have very important issues to think about." Autumn said slowly. She picked up a strand of her brunette hair. "Should I dye my hair blond? It's really getting boring. Maybe I could go for the Rachel 'do. You know, retro." <br>

>"What we need to do know is figure out where we are. But how?" Jen commented, then looked around the town square they were in. It was a sunny afternoon, and it felt much hotter than late September Massachusetts weather. The town just simply looked beautiful, like one of those safe suburbs you see on T.V. <br>

>"The newspaper stand over yonder. On Sliders they always checked out what kind of world they were on by checking out the newspaper." <br>

>"You and Sliders, Andie. It's a shame you never got to be on it during it's 1995-2000 run on Fox and Sci fi," Dawson teased. <br>

>Jack spoke up. "Look, I'll get the newspaper, and tell you what I find out." He walked over to the stand, and returned a minute later. <br>

>"So, where are we? 'Cause we're certainly not in Kansas anymore," Pacey remarked. <br>

>Jack looked at him, shock evident in his eyes. "The date is March 10, 2001. And we are in Sunnydale, California." <br>

>"You're freaking lying," Autumn accused. <br>

>Jack frowned. "Yeah, I am." <br>

>"Good." Everyone let out a sigh of relief. <br>

>"The date is actually January 17, 2001," Jack informed them, then burst out laughing. <br>

>The five people surrounding the boy gaped at him in shock. <br>

>Autumn punched his shoulder. "Not funny, Jack. I really hate it when you screw with our minds like that. When we get back, I'm telling Daddy!" <br>

>"So, we really are in Sunnydale. Oh, boy," Andie said nervously. "Good thing the sun hasn't set yet. I kind of like to keep my blood to myself." <br>

>"I'm sorry, but just because we disappeared into thin air, and reappeared in a completely different town that happens to be called Sunnydale, it doesn't mean that we are in the town from 'Buffy'," Dawson rationalized. <br>

>The other five shot him a look. <br>

>Jen flipped her hair for the thousandth time. "Sure, Daws. If that's true, then explain why we are standing in front of The Bronze?" She pointed behind him. <br>

>Everyone turned and saw the front exterior of The Bronze, a 'Buffy' hangout ever since the very first episode. <br>

>Dawson turned red at the realization that he had been proved wrong.

"Okay, Jen. So we're in Sunnydale. Sheesh." <br>

>Autumn marched to the front of them, waved her arms around to get their attention, and started to speak. "Well, you know what we have to do. We have to contact the Scooby Gang. Luckily, I read the Sunnydale map in that Buffy book, so I know how to get to UC Sunnydale AND Giles apartment." <br>

>"Why?" <br>

>"So they can help us get home and stuff. But we really have to get down to business and forget about any crap we wanted to do here." <br>

>"Amen to that!" Dawson said excitedly. He put his arm around Autumn's shoulder. "So, let's get on with it!" <br>

>\*\*\* <br>

><br> Wednesday, January 17, 2000

>3:00 P.M. Pacific Standard Time <br>Sunnydale, California

><br> "Can you tell us WHY we are doing this?" Andie asked Autumn.

> <br>

>Autumn glanced at Andie before pulling out another dress from the clothing rack. "We need to look our best for when we talk to Buffy and company." <br>

>The girls were at '5-7-9' in Sunnydale Court, a mini-mall just a few miles from UC Sunnydale. <br>

>Jen gave Autumn an exasperated look. "Autumn, don't you think it's better to save our money instead of blowing it on clothes that aren't exactly low-priced?" <br>

>"I've never been thrifty before and I'm not about to start now. Besides, the guys can always get jobs if we run out," Autumn suggested flippantly. <br>

>"You know, she's right," Andie agreed with a grin. <br>

>"Still, I really don't see the point in buying so many new clothes." <br>

>Autumn sighed. "Jen, let me spell this out for you. We are in vampire-infested Sunnydale. Therefore, we must do what we can not to get killed by them. And 'The Wish' established the fact that vampires are attracted to bright colors. So, we will only wear dark and muted colors the entire time we're here. Unless you don't have a burning desire to see 15." <br>

>"Good point. But I think that you just want to be better dressed than Buffy." <br>

>Autumn rolled her eyes. "Um, excuse me? Buffy lost her fashion skills in mid-season 3. So, I already AM better dressed than her!" <br>

>"Whatever." <br>

>"Anyways, I think it's time to pick out our essential little black dress. Maybe that'll bring Jack around, seeing you in a tight, naughty black ensemble." Autumn said suggestively. <br>

>Jen shot Autumn daggers just before spotting an outfit that she loved. "Oh, this is just SO me!" Jen squealed happily as she flourished a moss green strapless number. <br>

>Chapter 3 - Introduced, Bewitched, Bewildered <br>

>So, do I look alright? Autumn asked as she critically studied herself in a mirror. She was wearing a lycra dress that ended at mid-thigh. Simple, black, strapless with a plunging neckline, the ensemble clung to her supple curves so well that even Autumn felt a little embarrassed. <br>

>"You look gorgeous!" Andie gushed admiringly. She was wearing a navy skirt with a grey blouse; the perfect scholar look. <br>

>"Definitely," Jen echoed. Jen wasn't looking so bad herself. Her

silky dark green dress showcased her trim size 2 figure, and complimented her golden hair. <br>  
>"I don't know, guys. I mean, my boobs are too big!" Autumn complained. She hunched over uncomfortably. <br>  
>Jen rolled her eyes. "That's absolutely nothing to complain about." <br>  
>"Really," Andie agreed. <br>  
>"Guys, you don't know what it's like to have to have a 34DD cup when you're only 14. I mean, boys ALWAYS look at my chest whenever I talk to them, and dirty old men leer at me and try to get like get their greasy paws on me. It's so gross. They make me feel like a prostitute. I would love to be your sizes," Autumn confessed. <br>

>Jen scowled. "I'm a measly 32B padded, and Andie here is only a 36A. I'd kill to have breasts like yours, or at least have a nice C cup." <br>  
>"Gee, advertise my puny bra size to the world, why don't you?" Andie said sarcastically. <br>  
>Jen and Autumn chose to ignore her. <br>  
>"At least you know that a guy isn't with you because you have a great rack, Jen. You wanna know why I broke up with Grant Bodine? I'll tell you why. I overheard him making disgusting remarks about my breasts to his friends. How he loved to grope them and play with them and any graphic description you can think of. And then Cliff, who was my closest male friend, BEGGED me to just let him touch them! People treat me like this living, walking, breathing bra size. I'm your best friend, Jen, not a dumping ground for your insecurities. So stop treating me like that." <br>  
>"I'm sorry," Jen mumbled. She bowed her head in shame. She HAD let jealousy take over. <br>  
>"Well, I'm going to the motel," Autumn said, then walked stiffly away from them. <br>  
>"Jen..." Andie began. <br>  
>"What, Andie? You were treating her the same way I was," Jen said defensively. <br>  
>"True. But I didn't hit a raw nerve. Looks like there's more to the Capeside's Perfect Princess than meets the eye." <br>  
>\*\*\* <br>

><br> January 17,2001  
>6:00 P.M. <br>Sunnydale, California  
>Giles' Apartment <br>  
><br>"Now, you like this nourishing H2O, don't you?" 19-year old Willow Rosenberg cooed softly as she watered Giles's plants.

><br>Willow signed as she set the glass next to the pot. Goddess, she was bored. Giles had gone out of town and asked her to watch his apartment for her. Anya was working at her new P.I. job, catching cheating husbands in the act. Buffy was out with Riley. They had been together for a whole year now. And then...  
><br>Willow perked up when she thought about Buffy. Her 20th birthday was tommorrow, and they were going to celebrate it with a nice get together at the newly constructed Kennedy High, which was right next to what used to be Sunnydale High. The site had been turned into a lovely memorial park remembering the 50 people that had died during the 1999 Graduation Ceremony. Giles worked as the Kennedy High librarian now. Strangely, the library for Kennedy was an exact duplicate of the old Sunnydale High one, even though the rest of Kennedy wasn't.  
><br>Hopefully, Buffy's birthday wasn't going to involve a moving arm, soul-losing, the loss very important powers, or friends becoming

demons for a day. Maybe Buffy could finally have a birthday where nothing weird happened, for the first time since her 15th. At least, Willow hoped that would be the case.

><br>"I want something exciting to happen," Willow said to the plants, frustrated. "Not all that strange stuff that causes total weirdnesss and dramatic drama, but just something fun. And why am I talking to objects that can't answer me?"

><br>Just then, somebody rung the doorbell. Willow ran excitedly to the door, and without even asking who it was, she flung it open. Standing there was...

><br>A girl.

><br>A girl of about 20 or so. She had long dark brown hair, bright blue eyes, and was wearing an expensive-looking black dress that Willow wouldn't have even had the guts to look at, let alone wear in public. The girl was 5'8", around 115 pounds, and had a very well-endowed... um... chest.

><br>"Can I help you?" Willow asked timidly. This was a girl who looked like a complete Cordette. Probaly had everything handed to her on a silver... no, make that GOLD, platter. Guys fell over for her, the girls adored her, and she'd probably treat Willow like crap. The hacker's narrow shoulders dropped in disapointment.

><br>"Okay. Let's cut to the chase here. My name is Josephine Autumn Potter, but just call me Autumn, Willow," Autumn said quickly.

><br>"How do you know my name?" Willow said, fear creeping into her voice.

><br>Autumn snickered. She decided to play with Willow a little. "I got attacked by this really weird people in need of a facial, and before I escaped I heard them mumbling about a 'Willow' and then I heard this address.I got the feeling I should warn you."

><br>Willow looked around, uneasy."Thanks, um, Autumn. You know, gangs on PCP are capeable of just about anything. So, um, anything else?"

><br>"Actually,there is. I've been feeling really funny lately, and I was hoping you could help."Autumn said with a sweet grin.

><br>"Ohh, what?"

><br>Autumn signed. "It's just I feel SO hungry. Willow, you have such very pale skin. I can pratically see all that warm blood just PUMPING through you. I'd really a little snack."

><br>Willow jumped back, brandishing her cross. "Step back, you demon! You won't be snacking on me. I'll have you know that I've helped banished tons of demons. Come closer and you'll go poof!"

><br>"Don't worry, Willow, I'm not a demon," Autumn reassured her. "But I am from another world where I've learned all about you."

><br>"How do I, um, know your telling the truth?"

><br>"Well, let's see. You are, or WERE, best friends with Xander, whom you had an unrequited crush on for quite some time, until Oz came around. Remember the infamous Barbie incident? Buffy moved here during your sophmore year. She probably isn't very fond of her 17th and 18th birthday. Or ANGELUS,for that matter. Giles sings at the Espresso Pump, which you thought was kinda sexy. You lost your virginty to Oz your senior year... need I say more?" Autumn finished with a smirk on her face.

><br>Shock flashed across Willow's features. "Umm, okay. I believe you. So, what is it you want me to do?"

><br>Willow's Dorm



>6:45 P.M. <br>

>Willow gleefully finished drawing the protective circle. Finally, she had something to do! She poured the herbs from her pouch and set it into a bowl, which sat at the center of the circle next to a large lighted candle. <br>

>Willow got up, dusted her chalky hands off, and turned to the 6 teenagers. <br>

>"So, why can't we use Tara? I know Tara could have really improved this spell. Where is she?" Dawson blurted out. After all, Willow and Tara had been attached at the hip, and he was surprised that Tara wasn't in Willow's dorm. <br>

>"Tara and I broke up. She and Xander decided they were in love, so that's that," Willow said bitterly. The pain of the betrayal definitely hadn't faded yet. <br>

>Everyone glanced around uncomfortably. Dawson felt like kicking himself. <br>

>"Umm, okay, could you please tell us exactly how this works?" Pacey asked. <br>

>"It's a rather simple spell. All we do is sit around the circle, and hold hands. I'll say a chant, and you all must close your eyes think about getting home and nothing else. Or then it'd be all dire consequences, you know?" Willow answered. <br>

>"Why?" Jack inquired. <br>

>"Because, while still simple, this is a very volatile spell. Anything can happen. Oh, and it might take a while to work. Alright, let's get started." <br>

>Soon, everyone was in the positions Willow wanted them to be in.

Willow took a deep breath, then began her chant. <br>

>"Goddess of light and love, Diana <br>I implore thee

>I implore thee<br>Pray it might be

>Please bring fortune <br>And mind's desire

>Unto thee in this circle <br>I implore thee

>I implore thee <br>To give thee in this circle

>Fortune and their mind's desire <br>Goddess Diana, I implore thee."

><br>Everyone felt a slight jolt of electricity flash through them. The lights flickered.

><br>"Okay, everyone?" Willow checked to make sure everyone was alright. Her green eyes widened.

><br>"What's wrong?" everyone asked in unison.

><br>Willow simply pointed.

><br>Five teenagers turned their heads to look at Jen.

><br>And stared in complete and total disbelief.

><br>"What?" Jen implored of them. She felt completely strange. And kind of

>cold. Then she realized it. <br>

>"My dress! What the heck happened to my dress?" Jen demanded as she picked up green tatters and stood up. "This is like the best dress I've ever had! I mean, this is the first size 2 dress I've been able to wear!" <br>

>Everyone averted their eyes. <br>

>Finally, Willow found her voice. "Jen, something's happened to you. I really can't say anything to prepare you. So just walk over to the mirror and look into it." <br>

>Slowly, Jen padded over to the mirror that hung in the back of the room. She peered into the mirror. <br>

>Jen froze. <br>

>It wasn't her staring back. <br>

>The MAN staring back was Grahame, one of Rilely's best friends. <br>

>"OHMIGOD!" Jen screamed. The scream served to show just how deep her voice had gotten. "I'M GRAHAME! OHMIGOD! OHMIGOD!" <br>  
> Willow put a hand on Jen's now broad shoulder. "Look, calm down, Jen." <br>  
><br>"How did this happened? How does a 5'2" GIRL suddenly become a 6'4" MAN?" Jen asked, bewildered. She looked at her very large hands and fingers, flexing them as if making sure they were really her hands. Then she ran them along her presently masculine face.

><br>"I told you guys something could happen." Willow muttered. "This is just great. My first real spell since Tara and I broke up, and I fail!" Tears of failure and frustration slowly fell from her eyes.

><br>"I know you are feeling really inadequate now and all, but I'm having a crisis here!!" Jen shrieked hysterically. "I spent TWO years of my life in the gym to get a size 2! I'm NOT going to lose that. How can guys stand to be so big?"

><br>"Wonder if you're big all over," Pacey snickered. He took perverse satisfaction out of seeing his darling sister completely get screwed.

><br>"Shut up,Pacey," Willow ordered, having regained her composure. "Time to get Jen back to being Jen."

><br>"Hurry up! I can't even flip my beautiful hair anymore! God, my hair isn't even 2 inches anymore!"Jen cried. She ran her hands over the typical 'College Boy' haircut in complete disgust.

><br>Willow quickly re-did the spell. Nothing happened for a few minutes.

><br>Then everyone watched in fascinated shock as Willow's hair grew out and the color dulled,her clothing transformed into a pair of overalls with a long-sleeved shirt underneath,and her face started to look a little less mature.

><br>Willow sighed wearily. "What happened?"

><br>"You're 15 years old again." Autumn stated.

><br>"Gee, that's great. Well, I can't do this again until tommorrow. You can only do this spell two times a day." She didn't want to tell them the rest. If she couldn't reverse what had happened by the day after tommorrow,the effects remained permanent. It was a Wiccan rule.

><br>"So I have to stay this way for another 24 hours?" Jen whined.

><br>"Looks like you won't be needing dresses for awhile,GRAHAME," Pacey said snidely.

><br> To Be Continued

><br> Please,send feedback!

><br>

> <br>

End  
file.